

# Perspectives

**Story:** Perspectives

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**Summary:** Golden Sun drabbles (some requested, some not) taken from my old fandom tumblr. Differing times in the universe, and different points of view.

## **\*Chapter 1\*: Chapter 1**

REQUEST: "Felix+Piers (or Felix/Piers): They wander during the events of Dark Dawn. Handsome helpful strangers!"

Note: I did forget Nowell existed until I published this ask

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*Six days since the last Pysnergy vortex. South Eastern Angara. One day from Champa.*

"Once again, thank you!" Eoleo calls across his ship to the one that had just wriggled he and his men out of the coral reefs they had been stuck in. "I've got no idea how long it would have been before someone else had come with help!"

Felix can't help but laugh; the last time he had seen the kid was when Eoleo had been four or five—not too long after the events of the Golden Sun, and that was only at Piers' insistence to see how the people of Champa had been doing. The Venus adept feels more lighthearted during this time, helping out the people who need it.

"It's no problem!" He calls back, knowing Eoleo probably didn't recognise him—three decades of memories, and a few days worth of a lack of a shave tended to do that. "East of here is another huge formation like that though, so I'd be careful!"

Eoleo waves a hand in recognition, and soon, the two groups of sailors have parted ways.

Piers laughs and kisses Felix's cheek. "You're cute when you laugh."

"Oh, shut it."

*Two days before the Soarwing is broken. Ocenia. Two hours from strangling the mayor of Alhafra.*

"What do you mean, you won't help us, Felix?!" The man slams his hands onto the table.

Felix's gaze meets the porkish mayor's with a cold, hardened look in his eyes—this is the Felix that had led his sister and friends around the world in a race against time. This is the Felix that lit the lighthouses from necessity—and most importantly, this is the Felix who answers to no man but himself (and in bed, his lover.)

"I'll help your people," He says, voice echoing the ice encasing the Mars Lighthouse, "But on my terms. I am only one man, and I do not answer to you, or any other dog."

Piers has to pull Felix away from the table and out of the building, as he felt the earthquake beginning, and knew from stories that while Felix was a patient man, when he finally did lose his temper, nobody wanted to be near him.

*Night of the Eclipse. Belinsk. Thirty minutes after Matthew entered the Luna Tower.*

"Piers, I'm getting a horrible feeling about this." Felix said, watching as he fiddled with the peace-bond of his weapon—tensions were horrible between beastmen and humans, and Felix felt no reason to make these tensions worse, even if it meant being defenseless inside of Belinsk.

"I know," Piers replied, holding onto Felix's arm as he looked around. "I thought I saw your nephew—"

"I saw him too," Felix sighed, "And if he's Jenna's son, he's up to no good." He rubbed his temples, "Who all was with him?"

"Uhm... It looked like him, Garet's son, Ivan's daughter, and Mia's son... Some boy who looked like Alex—but the age is wrong, so I suppose it's another Mercury adept—and a female beastman, if I saw right."

Felix lifted an eyebrow. And then everything went dark, and a shadow attacked.

*Night of the Eclipse. Belinsk. Thirty minutes after the Eclipse began.*

"They're afraid of light!" Felix called, attacking the nearest shadow-spider-thing. He spun around, quickly killing another, before taking two steps back.

He and Piers pressed their backs against each other, letting out a burst of Pysnergy each.

"Felix, we need to get to the boat." Piers said, "It's not safe here."

Felix nodded, before freezing as he heard a scream. Before waiting for Piers, he ran off, yelling, "Stay right where you are, I'm coming!"

Piers groaned and followed Felix into the night.

*Morgal Country. Thirty six hours after the Eclipse.*

Felix sighed, looking everyone they had managed to save over once more, healing those who needed it. Belinsk had been slaughtered by the monsters, and Felix himself was in dire need of healing. As it was, he and Piers had exhausted themselves trying to protect those few of Belinsk who they had managed to save—and right now, they were on a river not too far away from the city, keeping a fire going in an attempt to not be attacked.

"We need to move," Piers approached Felix, the Mercury Adept still bleeding from a gaping stomach wound neither were able to heal.

"Where are we going?" Felix snapped, irritable from being unable to feel his own hand. "Piers, right now we're housing maybe a hundred refugees—and we don't have the room—and neither of us are in any condition to move around, let alone fly this boat."

The two sat on the sides of the boat, gasping for air, just enough psynergy to stop the bleeding, for something, anything—a miracle would have been a blessing.

"Excuse me?"

At the small voice, Felix turned his head over, looking at the small, frightened beast-child. He did his best to smile. "Yeah, kid?"

The child held out a psy crystal. "Th-this was my big sister's. Sh-she's not here now, but she told me that it gave her back her special magic she had—she has magic like the princess, you know."

Felix blinked a bit. "Really?" He asked.

The child nodded and put the object in Felix's hand. "You two are magic. You saved us all, and I think you need my big sister's magic more than I do."

Felix pulled the child into a hug, patting her head. "Thank you." He whispered. "Thank you so much."

*Belinsk. Two hours before the Apollo Lens is lit.*

"You think we did good?" Piers asked, throwing something else into the bonfire they had managed to start. The two—with the help of the beast child, whom they found out was not only a Jupiter adept, but a little boy named Afansi—had somehow managed to retake enough of Belinsk to safely hide the refugees.

"Yeah, I think so," Felix replied, voice hoarse with emotion. He kissed Piers once, then twice, shaking. "Don't tell anybody, but I don't think staying in Morgal is a choice, unless this Eclipse ends soon.

Piers laughed. "I know. Afansi knows too, and a few of the adults. That said, unless they're willing to desert their home, nobody will want to leave."

Felix sighed a bit and kissed Piers once more. "I'll take first watch." He mumbled.

*Two hours later.*

"Piers! I can see the sun!"

## **\*Chapter 2\*: Chapter 2**

REQUEST: Isaac and Jenna's thoughts during Matthew's birth.

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Jenna decided then and there she never wanted Isaac inside of her again. Not as she had three blankets under her, and was squeezing her husband's hand and screeching in pain around another contraction, with Mia helping Jenna give birth—in all honesty, Mia was only there because Jenna, despite trusting Piers more than she did Mia, felt more comfortable with a female healer near her female parts.

"Isaac I swear to the Wise One, I will cut your fucking dick off when the baby is out!" Jenna screeched, crying out in pain as she squeezed the other's hand once more, tears dripping down her face, sweat rolling into her eyes.

Isaac just winced sympathetically for his wife; this was the wee hours of the next morning; the baby—either Matthew, after Jenna and Felix's grandfather, or Veronica, after Isaac's grandmother—had decided to come over breakfast with Felix that very morning.

Speaking of Felix, the man had seemingly vanished—then again, Isaac was falling asleep on the stool next to his wife, so it was quite possible Felix had left to get sleep, abandoning his brother-in-law to the wrath of Jenna.

"Mia, get the baby out!" Jenna screamed, crying out in a raw pain that had never been ripped from her throat until that moment. "I don't care if you have to cut the baby out, get it out now, or I'll kill someone!"

Isaac winced, promptly wishing he had thought to get something to knock Jenna out.

"I can see the head, Jenna," Mia cooed, "Now, on the count of three, push."

Jenna's screams as the baby began to crown only made Isaac feel the need to cry in sympathy pains for his wife.

## **\*Chapter 3\*: Chapter 3**

REQUEST: "Piers x Mia from Golden Sun series please!"

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Maybe it was the fact they were the only two who truly understood the powerful nature of water. Or maybe it was the fact that they were the only two on the boat who weren't seasick at that moment.

It was probably the latter, but Mia and Piers certainly preferred the former. The way they both moved was liquid, fitting into places they probably shouldn't have, but could. And that was how they ended up on top of each other, behind a cabinet, kissing wildly, and listening for anybody who may be searching for them.

## **\*Chapter 4\*: Chapter 4**

REQUEST: "So, after Felix's group left Kibombo, what happened to Akafubu?"

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*After the foreigners left, mother began to say Akafubu was not ready for being Kibombo's witch doctor. I think she's spiteful, since Akafubu is no longer that child that chased her around and put frogs in her hair. But as she lectures me, I dare not give an opinion—she is the one brushing my hair, and I don't want her to tug.*

*She says Akafubu is not ready, and that there had been more than one person vying for witch doctor, but she had not been allowed—because she was a girl.*

*I don't like that rule. I want to ask Akafubu myself. So I wiggle away as mother finishes the last of my braids. I will ask this witch doctor myself what are the rules. I want to be Kibombo's next witch doctor.*

*Everybody knows where Akafubu's hut is. I can hear him, upstairs, arguing with someone.*

*"What do you mean, Gaobomba? They took your magic?! How am I to be witch doctor?"*

*I don't hear a reply. I swallow and poke my head around the corner to watch Akafubu flail a few times. What... Is it some sort of dance?*

*He storms out before I can ask—and I feel the need to follow the man into the Gaobomba statute. Maybe I too, can discover the secrets of being a witch doctor.*

Akafubu had been too prideful. He was not prepared for the monsters, nor the puzzles. He hadn't even made it halfway through the Catacombs before he heard a scream.

There had been a child?! And right now, the child was under assault by one of the monsters.

He could run. Nobody would know until Akafubu came out of the ruins, claiming the child to have been taken—

Akafubu backed up. No. He couldn't do that. He stared at the cavern, before yelling, "Is this another trial, too?! Do you test me by forcing me to save this child?!"

He made his way forward, stilling when the screaming stopped.

*Akafubu's been different since my child died. She had sunshine in her heart, and earth in her smile. Then again, that was before the witch doctor became convinced he could bring her back from the dead. I want to laugh; my brother should know dead things stay dead.*

## **\*Chapter 5\*: Chapter 5**

REQUEST: "here's a GS one for you. Jupiter Djinn being used for musical purposes ~ either making harmonies with a singing voice or in lieu of instruments, or anything else you can come up with?"

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The dry desert was almost familiar to Sheba. It felt like a lifetime ago that the Jupiter adept considered this home; although it was only about five years ago—and Sheba had been fifteen then, and she was twenty now, and understood so much more than Lalivero could have ever thought to tell her.

Although she was not of the Venus Clan, nor was it any of her duty, every so often, she would sneak out of Lalivero, taking the nine Jupiter djinn that had chosen to stay with her, and she made her way out. She went by nights usually, as it was calmer, cooler, and yes, she could take care of herself, despite what most Laliverans thought of their goddess—no longer a godling, a wind sorceress of her own powers. When Sheba snuck out, she put on her armour, picked up her staff, and made the voyage to the ruins of Babi Lighthouse, and make her way to the top of Venus Lighthouse.

When she stood there, and tasted the air, Sheba could almost remember the battle between Saturos, Menardi, Isaac, Garet, Ivan, and Mia. She could remember where she had fallen, remember where Felix had grabbed her, and it all felt like yesterday, even though it was five years ago.

Sheba sat in front of the beacon, staring at the ball of raw pysnergy, unable to prevent the memories.

She could almost hear that theme that Isaac had been humming during the fight—

Sheba stood and looked at the djinn, smiling a bit as they vibrated. The music was coming from them; Sheba had long since discovered that the djinn could vibrate to create different pitches, and it seemed as if right now, they felt like giving the supposed goddess something to remember.

Sheba held one elegant hand out, summoning them back to her. She made her way down to the elevator to the bottom of the lighthouse, humming herself as she listened to the djinn play along with her.

## **\*Chapter 6\*: Chapter 6**

REQUEST: "Golden Sun: Dark Dawn prompt; what Matthew and/or Sveta was thinking when they shared souls."

NOTE: I only played Dark Dawn once, and that was Christmas of 2010, where I played it in a solid day and beat it, and then never touched it again.

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The first thing Matthew was aware of was that this was probably the weirdest thing that had probably ever happened to him.

The first thing Sveta was aware of was that this was probably the weirdest thing that had probably ever happened to her.

For a quick moment, the two felt as if that no, wait, that wasn't exactly what they were aware of. Was that a reaction, or—?

Sveta exhaled. This... felt so unusual, she couldn't deny it. It was as if she was surrounded by this sheer warmth, pressing in on her. It wasn't stifling as much as it was feeling as if she was a child, safe in someone's arms—and not even that; it was more as if, when she and Matthew shared a soul, it was almost feeling like she was in a lover's embrace.

Matthew closed his eyes, clenching his fists. Something in him was raw, primal aching to get out, to fight, to avenge, to set things right. He had never felt anything this strong, but he instinctively felt the need to wrap it close, hold it so it wouldn't escape, and never let it go.

The two took one step forward, then two. The Apollo Lens was feet away. They could make it. It may have meant sacrifice, but with their souls intertwined, Matthew and Sveta weren't so much scared, as resigned to the inevitable.

And then Volechek moved.